A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, August 21. 1707.

HE was a merry Fellow that sent me a Letter lately, signifying that being pretty much concern'd in the Wagers about the Siege of *Thoulon*, desir'd some Rules to govern himself by, and particularly proposes three Questions.

First, If I could tell him how to be sure not to lose his Money.

Secondly, If I could inform him how he should judge of his Wagers after they were laid, in order as I suppose to *hedge off* as they call it.

Thirdly, If I could direct him to guess how Affairs went, when there was no Post.

Either the Gentleman thinks he has puzzl'd me effectually, and sent me three Questions which I cannot answer, or else he takes me for a Relation of *old Harry's*, and that I deal with a Familiar.

Now I'll disappoint him every way, for I'll appeal to all the World, for my having given a fair Answer to all his Questions, and yet I dare say, no body will take me for a Conjurer neither.

1. Sir, to be sure not to lose your Money, the best and most direct way is to *lay no Wagers at all.*

2. To judge of your Wagers after they are laid; for this I'll tell you a Story—— A cunning Fellow, that travelling in a hot Day was very thirsty, sees a Shepherd that had a Bottle of Beer by him; and, in order to get a Draught of Beer out of him, he comes to him, and tells him a fine Story, that he is a Stranger and very thirsty, and if he will let him Drink a Sup of his Beer, he will tell him a *Secret* very useful in his way, for he would tell him when any of his Sheep had the *Rot*; the *Shepherd* in short consents,

consents, lets him Drink, and then demands the Secret. The Man to be honest, gravely points at a single black Sheep, *see you that black Sheep there*, says he, to the Shepherd— *When ever that Sheep shakes himself to pieces, you may be sure that Sheep's Rotten*; the Application's very short; Sir, as soon as ever the Town is taken, you may judge of your Wagers. ———

3. As to guessing at Affairs when there is no Post, that is to say, when there are no Advices.

I was thinking to consult some Philosopher about this, and to direct you to go among the cunning Men; but I'll tell you a shorter way than to go to the D....l for it.

Go but once a Day to ..... Coffee-House, not far from one End of *Wildstreet*, at about 10 in the Morning; stand at the corner of *Jonathan*'s about 2, and go to the *old Devil Tavern* about 10, and by the Sympathetick Countenances of a certain sort of Gentlemen, that pass and repass there, and who, by the particular Chagrin of their upper Lips are easy to be known; mark but the Dejection or Exaltation of their Brows, and if you have any of the Power of Distinction, any Skill in a Phys, you may easily know how it goes at *Thoulon*.

~~Can you not remember? Was it not~~ visible to every body, Who put Red Ribbonds in their Hats, when the News of the Battle of *Almanza* was fought, and told you it was for a Wedding? ——Did you never know of a Ship with all her Colours and Pendants out, Firing Guns, and Feasting on that Day, and said it was also for a Wedding? Was not their Joy visible in their Faces? And their Insultings over their Native Country plain? Did they not rejoyce in the Blood of their near Relations? And shew themselves pleas'd with the Triumphs of the Enemy: — These are the best *Augurs* to go to; 'tis to the flying of these Night Birds, that you may apply for Omens; if they look down, if they drink their Coffee with their Hats over their Eyes; if they curse without Singing, and Swear without Drinking; if they walk alone, and take no notice of you till you speak to them — If they cease to ask what News, and talk of something else before *Thoulon*; if they take up the *Rebearsal* to Read before the *Post-Boy*, and sit alone to Drink their Tea; conclude it, and carry it away with you for a Truth, *THOULON is in Danger*, they give it over for gone, and so lay your Wagers accordingly; venture upon them, they are all Enthusiasticks in Politicks, they have it by Impulse, and the secret Communication of Party-Sympathy; no *Camisar* is inspir'd like them, and they are like the old Woman, that when she could not tell bad News, would foretell it, in hopes it might come to pass, *because an ill Tongue might help*.

On the other hand, Sir, Invert your Observations; Do they stand in a little cluster in the middle of the Coffee-House; are they at *Jonathan*'s before you? Do they come cross the way to salute you, and bid you *good Morrow*, with a *what News?* Do they Club in *Apollo* at the *old D....*, and Sing at the twisted Posts down the Alley? Do they drink their Coffee with their Hats off, and come and set by you and talk of News? Do they throw by the *Rebearsal*, and Preach over the News-Papers? ——Take the hint, Sir, run away to the Wager-Office, and hedge back again all you can; there is certainly bad News a coming from *Thoulon*; be as sure of it as if you had heard a screetch Owl, or dream't of your Teeth falling out.

Wonderful is the Communication of Spirits in the Invisible Part of this World, as well as hereafter; and who knows the occasion of Notices, Impulses, secret and involuntary Railings and Dejections of the Spirits, *like the Mercury in the Tube*, by the Thinness or Gravity of the Wind in the Brain? and indeed I will not say, there are no such things as Warnings, Notices, Intimations, &c. in Humane Actions, nor determine whence they come: but certainly the foreboding Signatures on the Lines of the Face in an Abstracted *Jacobite* have something in them, above all the Power of Philosophy to solve; no Phænomena can be form'd of them, nor all the Horoscopes, Microscopes, nor Monkeyscopes that ever were made, discover them; there are secret Infernal *Animalculæ*, which diffusing thro' all their Spirits, mingle something so sowre, so Retrogade, so Phlegmatick, and so Hypochondriack,

pochondriack, that they cannot but discover it in their outsides, and these are whirled about by some Sympathetick Monstrous Communication, that seems to be above the Power of Description, and which holds a strange Intelligence with all the Mass of the same Spirit, however diffus'd in different Countries over the World.

'Twas by this Spirit, the Battle of *Landau* was Rejoyc'd for in *England*, the next Day after it was fought, and the Descent Voyage in King *William*'s time Insulted before it set out; I could give a long Account of the Witchcraft of their Party, *tho' of late they have been a little Defeated that way too*; as how the Fire of *London* was foretold three Days before it was kindled, and the *French* Fleet seen on our Coast a Week before they came out; but this will keep cold for another time.

I am at present upon their Prognosticating Countenances, and the real Signification of their outsides—And truly if a Body were serious enough to talk at that Rate, one would advise them to consider, whether it is not really a Mark set upon them in Judgment, as upon the *Cains* of their Country, that who ever sees them may know them—And I'll appeal to all unprejudic'd People, whether there is not something about these sort of Folks, which makes them look by themselves, *as we may say*, which makes them look with a different Aspect from their Neighbours, and which makes that Modern Proverb be less Nonsense than it us'd to be, *viz. He looks like a Jacobite*; if any Man should step in here, and ask me, how a *Jacobite* looks, I would crave more room than I have here to draw his Picture; but I'll tell you in short, let us but get *Thoulon*, and in a little time they won't *look at all*, they will shut their Eyes, and be ashamed of their Party, and you will hear no more of them.

If Sir, you have not now a full Direction about your Wagering, you must go to another Doctor, for I can give you no better, and I think the hint may be very useful to you.

But what shall we say for our poor abus'd Nation, that suffers such Monsters, that Nurses up such Creatures among her own Children?

Pray, Gentlemen, go into any Part of the World, and see now, was it ever heard of before, that People rejoyc'd for the Ruine and Desolations of their Country, and mourn'd when their Enemies were beaten; that sent their hearty Curses with every Expedition, and Solac'd themselves with the thoughts of Tempests, Storms, and Overthrows; tho' their own Brothers, Fathers, nay, perhaps their own Children were engag'd in it! What Monsters are Men? What Vipers are degenerated Men! and how will the Power of Parties vitiate our very Natures, and turn the very Bias of the Soul to act against Principles.

Let me finish this Observation with a just distinction here—And that is; that in this Exclamation, I do not so particularly point at those *honest Jacobites*, I hope they will pardon me the Term who profess themselves so, and act publickly *as such*, who we call *Nonjurors*, who openly disown the Government, and believe themselves oblig'd to do so; these may be honest Men, and many of them are so; I am to pity them, and wish them better inform'd.

But 'tis the Swearing Jacobite, who first forfeiting his Oath to King *James*, *for he cannot but think it forfeited*, Swears against his Principle to QUEEN *ANNE*, and then Acts again for King *James* against that very Oath.

This Man has perfectly entangled himself with the Devil, *Satan* and he, like two Horses that are cross lock'd to one another, they are tyed counter, and yet walk together; such a Man is a Monster in Politicks, for he has more Heads than Feet; he can never go out of the Devils Road, for he has so hamper'd himself in it, that he is Perjur'd, whether he goes backward or forward.

Of all the Creatures that ever Man made, *for this Part is a Humane Creation*, the World never saw his Fellow; his Reason stands a-cross, his Senses inside out, and his Religion with the bottom upward; he has put himself out of every Bodies good Word, and his own too——— For he is always giving himself the Lie, and running back upon his own steps; he is always spitting against the Wind, and receiving his own

own filth in his Face; he is laugh'd at by Wise Men, wonder'd at by Fools, and even hated by Knaves; he is inconsistent with himself, and with every body else; if King *James* came again he would hate him for abjuring him, and if QUEEN *ANNE* did him Justice, she would Hang him for Perjuring himself, and Insulting the Government; in short, *the Knave* and *the Fool* act in him, like the Moon and the Earth, they shine in one anothers Faces, and yet neither of them have any Light of their own—He is all that's contradicting, all that's Ridiculous, and all that a Man can possess of the worst sort of Wickedness, *Exit Forsworn.*

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